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ASTOR KEPT HAREM, SAYS PENNYPACKER

Former Governor Is Very Plain Spoken in Commenting on the Case

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—The approaching wedding of Miss Madeline Forre and Col. John Jacob Astor of New York meets with the disapproval of former Governor Pennypacker, who terms the proceeding "disgraceful" because Colonel Astor was divorced and forbidden under the decree to remarry.

Regarding the wedding of Colonel Astor Mr. Pennypacker had this to say:

"From my own personal viewpoint I think the proceedings are disgraceful. Here is the case: Col. John Jacob Astor came to Philadelphia and married a young woman from an old and reputable family. Later he kept a harem in New York and she left him. When the court handed down its decree Colonel Astor was forbidden to remarry in the state of New York, but in a short time he meets a young woman whose family has been dazzled by his diamonds and his wealth, and he at once, according to reports, has taken steps to go into some other commonwealth to marry her.

"I think it disgraceful and sad. Of course, this particular case is only an incident, and I mention it simply because of the widespread publicity given to it and therefore the harmful effect it will have through suggestion.

"You know, we do things largely through suggestion. A man was walking down the streets of London, and passing a hardware store he saw a long knife and purchased it. A few minutes later he met the Duke of Buckingham and cut him to pieces. This man, it was true, was demented, but the sight of that knife in the shop window suggested murder to him.

"So it is with this Astor affair. Men and women see him flaunting his contempt for the sacredness of marriage in the face of the law of state and God and it is suggested to them that they can do likewise.

"Indeed, it has come to pass that men take women and women take men nowadays on the principle that if they don't suit they can soon get freed of the bargain and hunt around for other partners."

ODD FELLOWS ATTENTION

All members of Bisbee Lodge No. 16 and visiting brothers are requested to attend the regular meeting Wednesday evening, August 30th, at eight o'clock. Business of importance.

By order of Noble Grand.

BURGLAR TALE OF HUSBAND DOUBTED

Wealthy Shoe Merchant Arrested for Wife Murder After Five Weeks

PITTSBURG, Penn., Aug. 26.—E. O. Golden, a wealthy Kittanning shoe merchant, was arrested today on a charge of wife murder. Golden shot and killed his wife on July 18 last. He had mistaken her for a burglar, he said.

Yesterday relatives obtained a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. Golden surrendered and later he was released in \$10,000 bail.

The prosecution refuse to divulge their suspicions regarding Golden's motive. Judge Patton of Armstrong county set August 31 as the date for a preliminary hearing.

The story of the killing as told by Golden was in effect that his wife had arisen from her bed to close a window. Golden heard the noise, and fearing thieves were breaking in, he drew a revolver from beneath his pillow and fired at the object that was moving about. In the flash of the pistol in the darkness he saw a figure in white fall to the floor. He called for his wife. She did not answer. He groped in the dark with his hands but could not find her. Then he turned an electric switch and found his wife dead near the window.

The formal charge of murder was made by W. A. Simmons.

ACTUALLY RAINED FISH

IN CRIPPLE CREEK

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., Aug. 26.—It actually rained fish here today. During a short shower of rain and hail thousands of fish from one and a half to two inches fell in the vicinity of Union baseball park. More than four bushels of the funny downpour were swept up in and around the yard of John Peters, a carpenter. Some of the fish were taken to Mayor F. A. Dassenberg, who is considered an authority, and he pronounced them full grown specimens of the alewife family of the Pacific ocean and said they must have been drawn up by a water spout and carried thousands of miles from the clouds. He expressed the further opinion that the fish were alive when they fell to the earth.

MORE OIL AND GAS

IN FARMINGTON DISTRICT

FARMINGTON, N. M., Aug. 26.—Reports from the well being sunk for oil west of Farmington say that since noon that at a depth of 1250 feet a body of oil associated with quantities of gas had been struck. People are already rushing from here to the new fields.

PURSUIT OF THE VILLAIN

By SAVOYARD.

"Of course I am for free raw materials, including free wool."—Woodrow Wilson.

And if he shall be elected president of the United States that is the preaching that will induce the people to put him in that exalted position. Wilson's hand is as cunning as his principle is unsound. See what he did to Sugar Trust Smith. Let us be fair. The crucifixion of Smith in New Jersey was a public execution and was more or less spectacular and I am glad it was so; but in Ohio Harmon would not even allow a Jim Smith to be a candidate for senator. He dispatched the minion of false pretenses in secret. We must be just and count Harmon and Wilson even on that score.

I am for both of 'em and either to head or tail the ticket suits me. I wish Ohio had sent some better democrats to this congress. Their conduct has damaged Harmon, for they pretended to talk for him. I do not believe them.

But both Harmon and Wilson are Democrats of the Grover Cleveland stripe, and either, if nominated, will be Grover Cleveland's successor in the White House. And yet there is going to be a fight in 1912. I am frank enough to say this—that if President Taft grows in popular esteem the next twelve months in the same proportion he has in the last six months, it is going to be a race for either Harmon or Wilson, or both of them. Don't forget that.

I intend to write miles and miles of stuff about Judson Harmon and Woodrow Wilson before the snow flies, but right now I am going to say some words about wool, and I wish every letter was a dagger, as the first Pitt said to that fellow Murray, who was later Lord Mansfield. If I can possibly restrain myself—and I am sure I cannot—I will not again wash this very dirty linen in public, and yet publicity is the only way. Both Bailey and LaFollette are agreed as to that.

At least sixty Democrats hold their seats in the house of Representatives of the Sixty-third American congress because Old Joe Cannon was a czar. But for the machine made by the Democratic congress is ten times more of a despot than our fine old Uncle Joe ever was, or ever pretended to be. They brought about a restoration such as that our ancestors in England hoped for when Roger Wildrake sang:

We'll drink till we bring,
In triumph back our king.

And King Caucus was re-enthroned. What followed? A protective tariff about wool and of all things! It has been denounced by Democrats and lauded by Republicans. And it is party perjury and party dishonor. Jim Smith and Carl Hrice and Arthur P. Garmon would have made that

bill. Grover Cleveland and John C. Carlisle and William J. Bryan would have spat upon it. And here comes King Caucus with a case that the American people shall never have official knowledge of how a single one of the Democratic representatives stands on the wool question. A congressman may go home and orate loud and long swear between everything between earth and sky, and all above sky and all beneath earth that he was for free wool but he cannot prove it. Why because the caucus took him captive, bound him hand and foot and decreed that he should not vote for or against free wool on a roll call of the yeas and nays, the one and only means by which such an official record can be established. Mr. Cannon is made respectable. The late Tom Reed is idealized and canonized.

Only six weeks ago taxed raw wool had no more show in this congress than a snail in Vesuvius, when in full eruption. But the machine walks in darkness to waste at noonday, and the perjury was accomplished. The biggest fool in congress—and some of them are hopeless—knows that the tax on raw wool is the fence that divides the two parties, the issue that separates Democrats from Republicans—the quarrel between doctrine and dogma, that began when Cain became a murderer. If a tax on wool is sound economic doctrine, then the Republican party is right. Convince me of that and in a twinkling I will join Daisell, but I won't shake hands with old Payne. That is flat. I won't march through Coventry with him.

And the first thing you know they got us. Our majority dwindled to a minority. An "expert" made the bill—and who the devil ever heard of an "expert" that was in the pay of the people? The interests have the "experts." It was a sham on its face that the tax was required for revenue. It was purely for protection and only for protection. Its sole tendency is "the preservation of the protection principle," as they call it. Oscar Underwood is the grandson of Joseph H. Underwood, who was one of the inventors of the "house wracker" measure, that was brought forth when "infant industries" got old enough to be breeched. Champ Clark, who only yesterday wanted to wreck every custom house, "from turret to foundation stone," stood with Underwood for this very cornerstone of protection. They picked off a weak kneed fellow here and another there, and so it went until Ran dallism got the ways and means committee on the wool schedule on the hip.

Let us be frank. Let us speak out. You cannot fool all the people all the time. Harkes, ours is only govern-

ment in the North Temperate Zone, where dwell nearly all the enlightened civilization, nearly all the intelligent, most of the money, most of the literature, most of the history, of the entire human race in all its career—in the North Temperate Zone we are the only people who tolerate a tax on wool. It is a tax to protect, to foster, to create disease, want, despair. It makes more ravenous the early winds of winter that are laden with death and are wanton with cruelty. It guides the fell destroyer of all and makes it easier for the angel of darkness and the minion of penury to clutch the throat of the child of poverty dying in its scantiest bed in the house of the poor. It exists of monopoly, and for monopoly. It is the most atrocious of all the atrocious schemes to make labor a slave and to enthrone capital a despot.

And that is why you will never know how your congressman stands on the wool question from the public record. Last winter Champ Clark told me that if he had his way nobody could get on the ways and means committee of this congress unless he underwent a civil service examination on the tariff. I think I have read something by De Quincey. It was a great production and made me mindful of that gorgeous genius. This proposition stuck to my memory.

"O Abner, I fear God and nothing else." That is the sort of stuff the Democratic party must send to congress to get out of the way for a party that will send that sort of stuff to congress.

"And the villain still pursued her. To be concluded in our next."

REV. L. M. WALTERS DEAD

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 26.—Rev. Luther M. Walters, 76 years old, for twelve years a resident of Los Angeles and for forty years a Methodist pastor in Iowa and Indiana, died after protracted throat trouble. Dr. Walters was born in New Philadelphia, Ohio. He was ordained at the age of 19.

BRIDE-TO-BE A SUICIDE

CENTRALIA, Ill., Aug. 26.—Rose Fortner, 18 years old, of Glasgow, Ohio, died this afternoon from the effects of taking a dose of bichloride of mercury just four hours before her marriage to Carl Barton. She was dependent over illness and left a note to her parents in Ohio. She had been employed at a hotel.

GIRL KILLED BY LIGHTNING

PARIS, Tex., Aug. 26.—May Lewis, 14 years old, was killed by lightning during a storm at Oakland last night. Many barns were struck, causing a loss of several thousand dollars.

RACE RIOT INDICTMENTS

DURANT, Okla., Aug. 26.—The third special grand jury which was empanelled yesterday to probe the recent race troubles in this county returned nine true bills this morning.

NO OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION

OF OKLAHOMA LYNCHING

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., Aug. 26.—As he has received no official notification of the lynching of Pete Carter, a negro, at Purcell, Thursday night, Governor Crouce stated tonight that he will leave the matter in the hands of McCain county officers unless called on for assistance. The governor says he makes it a rule in such cases not to interfere unless requested to do so.

DYING BANDIT TELLS NAME

CENTRALIA, Ill., Aug. 26.—The bandit at St. Mary's hospital, who was shot last week by Albert Niemann, who also killed an unknown companion, made a confession today to Guy C. Livesay, clerk of the city court; Dr. H. E. Wilson and Rev. W. H. Whitlock, in which he said his name was Raymond Lynch and his home Milford, Del. A sister was sent a telegraph message and replied.

Lynch refused for seven days to divulge his identity, until told today he cannot recover.

SPRINGS HOTEL BURNS

WILLOW SPRINGS, Mo., Aug. 26.—The Crescent hotel building, owned by A. W. Beecher, and a two story brick building, owned by William J. Lemp Brewing association, were destroyed by fire today. The loss is placed at \$7000 with \$4000 insurance.

MISSISSIPPI PACKET SINKS

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 26.—Passengers arriving early today report the sinking of the small packet Harry Lee at Brandywine Landing, forty miles north of Memphis, late yesterday.

The steamer carried a small passenger list and all were taken off by the steamer Fleonora, and brought to Memphis. A negro fireman is reported missing. On leaving the landing the Lee struck a snag and settled in nine feet of water.

IN THE STUDIO



Painter—How on earth do you suppose that I can make a portrait of you from two photographs, one taken in 1863 and one in 1911.
 Sitter—That's all right. Make the face from the 1863 one, and the dress from the 1911 one.

A BISBEE BOOSTER

The same being a short sermon on the betterment of business conditions in Bisbee and the entire Warren district—

Published and promulgated by The Bisbee Cigar company.
 To help the trade in general, their own business particularly and incidentally introduce strangers to the most satisfying smoke there is.

THE EUKO CIGAR.

We rise to remark—
 That a dollar spent at home will come day roll back to you and it won't have to roll up hill.

You all know this, and yet, as often as it has been said, it is still worth repetition and doubled-headed emphasis, because, all of us unthinkingly and carelessly at times spend our money in such a way that it bids Bisbee "good-bye" forever.

Now let's reason about this and see if it can't be remedied—

You probably knew that there are in Bisbee, Lowell and Warren, over one hundred retail cigar dealers—one hundred and nine to be exact—but it would probably surprise you to learn that these places sell One Hundred and Twenty-one Thousand cigars each month.

The average price of these cigars is \$60.00 per thousand. Now in order to supply this demand and bring the goods to Bisbee from foreign markets \$7,260.00 must be sent away from this district every month for cigars alone.

Seven Thousand, Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars—Nearly a half a dollar for every man, woman and child in the district.

What is the remedy?

Simply to make these cigars here at home.

This would furnish work to forty-three cigar-makers and mean a weekly payroll of One Thousand Three Hundred and Fifteen Dollars—Don't you think, Mr. Business-man that that much money thrown into the channels of trade every Saturday night would "help some"?

But, if you have never given much thought to the subject you will ask "Can these cigars be made in Bisbee?" Most assuredly they can. Just as well here as anywhere on the face of the good green globe—Skilled and high-class workmen can be brought here. The raw materials shipped here from Havana just as well as they can be shipped to New York, San Francisco, Boston or other points. Up in the Masonic building we are making a daily demonstration of what can be done in a small way, but with the help and support of you, Bisbee Boosters, we propose to show you a Bigger Business and one that means a Bigger and Better Bisbee—Are you with us?

256.

FOR SALE—Horse, buggy and harness. Apply Office Saloon, 248.